

PIONEER

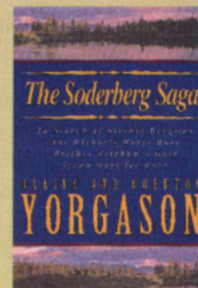


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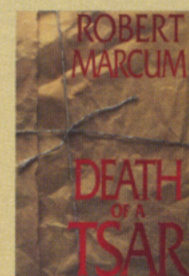
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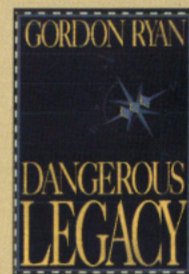
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PIONEER

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A Waste of Good Skin?



by
President Vern Taylor

he greatest honor we can give to our pioneer ancestors is to prepare our young people for the future. In our present society, education is extremely important and necessary. As members of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, it is an honor as well as a responsibility to help our young people to prepare for the future. In my opinion, education is a preventative medicine. Scholarships help to develop good citizens who will become our future good leaders. I recommend that each chapter, where possible, sponsor a young person who has overcome great obstacles with a scholarship to a college of their choice.

We have no control over the past, but certainly we are able to shape the present and to help mold the future. Each of us has been provided with talents; some of which we are aware, and some of which we are not. Some of these talents we have developed, and some talents still need work. It is never too late, as long as we breathe the air and consume the energy that is so freely given to us, to give a maximum effort in return. Many of the greatest accomplishments of humanity have come after the most productive years of a person's life have passed. Never give up—remember Grandma Moses.

While visiting with a friend recently, the name of a mutual acquaintance came up. Her comment was: "He is a complete waste of good skin." This may be judgmental, but it was completely honest. It is important to make our lives productive until our final day. We must endure to the end.

We were placed on earth to prove ourselves, and given a commandment to multiply and replenish the earth. Those of us who have posterity have met the first requirement. To replenish the earth is another matter. While we take something out of the earth, we must return something of equal or greater value. In retrospect, I think I still am really indebted in this respect. Some of you may feel similarly. As the saying goes, "Today is the first day of the rest of our lives." Let us help each other reach a higher level and be true pioneers by helping those who follow. We must learn to cultivate our ideas and leave a heritage of value to generations yet to come.

Remember, let's not be a waste of good skin.

PIONEER MISSION STATEMENT

The National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers honors early pioneers for their faith in God, devotion to family, loyalty to church and country, hard work, service to others, courage in adversity, personal integrity and unyielding determination.

The Society also honors modern-day pioneers, both young and older, who exemplify these same ideals. We aim to demonstrate and teach these qualities to youth and all others whom we can influence. We hope to keep alive the ideals of true manhood and womanhood that cause ordinary people to achieve nobly.

Pioneer magazine supports the mission of the Society. It will publish the story of the Utah pioneers with high standards of professional skill and historical accuracy in an attractive and popular format. Its editorial theme is that the achievements of the Utah pioneers resulted from their faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ.



Recollections of Ben Lomond

by
Audrey M. Godfrey

ising 9,717 feet above sea level, Weber County's northernmost mountain has been known as Ben Lomond Peak since the settlement of North Ogden in the 1850s. Through the years, businesses, schools, churches and various organizations have appropriated its name to identify themselves, and many individuals have memorialized its grandeur.

In 1851, Robert and Mary Wilson Montgomery took up a squatters claim on 170 acres in North Ogden. Robert sowed the first wheat in the settlement and built a two-room house. Mary, who had come from West Greenock, Scotland, missed her home near Loch Lomond and its towering sentinel, Ben Lomond. The peak above North Ogden reminded her of her beloved Scottish landscape, and so she christened it Ben Lomond. Through the years the mountain has sheltered the growing communities of North Ogden and Pleasant View and the extended community of Weber County.

Early travel brochures portrayed the beauty of the area through words and pictures. An 1890 booklet entitled "Valleys of the Great Salt Lake," published by the Denver & Rio Grande and Rio Grande Western Railroads, used a pencil drawing of the Ogden River with Ben Lomond in the background as one of its illustrations. In a 1901 book of photographs called "Views of Ogden—Photo Gravures," a picture of Washington Avenue (Boulevard) shows a looming Ben Lomond at the end of the thoroughfare.

Native Americans lived at its base, and mountain men such as Peter Skene Ogden and Jedediah Smith traversed what is now North Ogden Canyon nearby. They spoke of the impressive range of mountains, including Ben Lomond, though not by that name.

After Mormon settlers established North Ogden and Pleasant View and visitors came, they left their impressions of the mountain, too. Traveler Martha Laurence incorrectly estimated the altitude of the peak in her letter to relatives back home. She wrote: "This town is allmost surrounded by mountains. On the north side is a mountain 53 hundred [sic] ft high and just covered with pine trees it looks to be a bout a quarter of a

mile off but they say it is over six miles to the foot of it."¹

Nephi James Brown, a North Ogden native, penned his remembrance of Ben Lomond in a handwritten life history:

The mountains to the East centered by lofty Lewis peak were always silent sentinels of strength...The everlasting majesty of Ben Lomond to the North with its reflected rays of morning sunrise always inspired me as a boy...One time in mild mid April after a long hard winter where-in there was an unusual amount of snow-fall we watched with great excitement snow slides push their way down the west slopes of the mountain. East of Ben Lomond and we heard the roar as they spilled over certain ledges.²

Mormon apostle Wilford Woodruff rode to North Ogden to preach in 1854. However, his view must have been down rather than up because he recorded his impressions of the rich soil and abundant water, the buildings and the harvest of wheat and hay. Had he looked up he might have been more poetic. When western artist Minerva Tiechert lived with her grandmother, Minerva Hickman, in North Ogden where she was born, she used her pen to extol the grandeur of the mountain:

*To a mountain High and majestic
Which the finger of God has shown
I look for solace, Ben Lomond
To the rock when I was hewn.³*

A more recent poem by Lettice O. Rich of North Ogden also used words to induce a visual picture. She wrote:

*You stand in silent majesty, unchanged
by age or wind-lashed storms,
Guardian of a home-filled valley, cradled
in your mighty arms.⁴*

In 1941, as a 6 year old, I stood on top of Ben Lomond Peak and listened to the sounds in the valley below. I could hear a dog bark and people talking to each other. With my parents and members of the LDS North Ogden Ward, I had hiked to the mountain top on a ward outing. It was a long trek for a 6-year-old, but reaching the top, I felt

a sense of accomplishment that those who scale the highest peaks of the world must feel, for I had done it under my own power while my cousin of the same age had to ride part of the way piggy-back on her father.

But my efforts were not nearly as impressive as those of my grandfather, William Abraham Montgomery, and my sister, Rosemary. They were the oldest and the youngest to reach the top that day at 72 and 2 years of age, respectively. A photograph records our achievement as we sit together, frozen in time, looking as rested as if we'd taken a walk around the neighborhood. As a young girl looking up at the mountain it appeared to have arms and a lap. I equated it with God's ample form, minus a head; and snow-covered or in summer's heat, it seemed a benevolent presence. Since our relative, Mary Wilson Montgomery, had named it, family members have claimed it as their own special landmark.

A few years ago I fulfilled a desire to re-enact my youthful climb. This time, rather than ascending the back of the mountain, my husband and I hiked

*A
photograph
records our
achievement as we
sit together,
frozen in time,
looking as rested as if
we'd taken a walk
around the
neighborhood.*

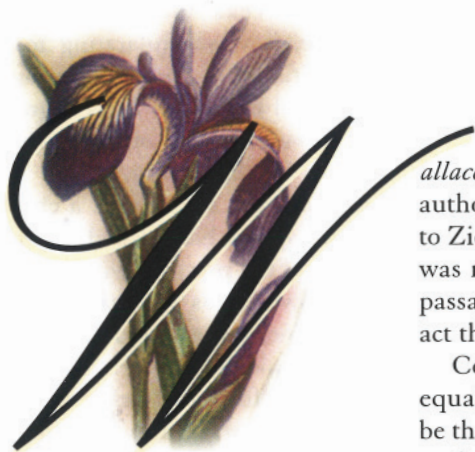
along the crest of the range from Willard Peak to Ben Lomond. As before, it was exhilarating to see the beautiful blue of Salt Lake in one direction and mountain flowers growing in abundance in the other. I looked for snow in the shady placed where I remembered seeing it as a child, but a warm spring had melted the moderate snow of the previous winter.

However, as we reached the peak this time, the pastoral sounds of dogs and people did not carry to the top, and the peaceful scene below was marked by many more houses, cars and roads. I thought of my great-grandmother and wished I could share her view from the top of the mountain she loved and named, Ben Lomond. ▼

Audrey M. Godfrey, a resident of Logan, Utah, is on the board of editors for The Utah Historical Quarterly.

1. Martha Laurence, Letter, May 28. 2. Nephi James Brown, "His Kindred and His Friends," published by the author, 1963. 3. Wilford Woodruff, Journal, Dec. 3, 1854. Minerva Rohlhepp Tiechert, 1933, copy in author's possession. 4. Lettice O. Rich, "Silent Sentinel," copy in author's possession.





Preserving the Past at This is the Place State Park

*N*allace Stegner, Pulitzer Prize-winning author, once said, "Crossing the plains to Zion in the valleys of the mountains was not merely a journey but a rite of passage, the final, devoted, enduring act that brought one to the Kingdom."

Commemorating this never-to-be-equaled effort of a united people will be the new This is the Place State Park project, the cornerstone of the 1996 Utah Statehood Centennial celebration. With architectural specimens and the activities of costumed docents, the park will bring Old Deseret to three dimensional reality in the tradition of Old Sturbridge in Massachusetts, Conner Prairie in Indiana and Old World Wisconsin.

"The new This is the Place State Park will target a minimum of 12 historic buildings in Old Deseret," said Stephen M. Studdert, general chairman of the Centennial Commission. "This will be in addition to the buildings that currently stand in the park. And with greater financial backing we will erect even more tangible evidence of our heritage."

Among the new buildings planned for the park are Fillmore's Huntsman Hotel, a barber shop, a school and meetinghouse and a new visitors' center. The original This is the Place monument will also be restored, thanks to an anonymous private donation of \$275,000.

"It is important to note that the major costs will not fall upon the taxpayer," Studdert said. "Our plan is to create something that will pay for itself, or at least be revenue neutral."

To that end, citizens of the state of Utah are being asked to donate their time, talent and labor as well as any artifacts, historical outbuildings and vehicles they may have in their possession. SUP chapters and individual members are encouraged to support this unique and worthy effort to preserve our pioneering past.

Said Studdert: "Surely pioneer

characteristics of labor and cohesiveness will again be demonstrated in this Centennial legacy."

Has Your Chapter

erected a monument or plaque in the past year or two? Did you obtain a site number from the SUP National Office?

That's what we thought.

"We know that new monuments and plaques are going up, but they aren't being registered with the National Office," said Florence Youngberg, who keeps track of such things at SUP national headquarters in Salt Lake City. "It's possible that some people aren't aware that each monument or plaque that is erected under the auspices of the Sons of Utah Pioneers should have a site number on it along with the SUP name and logo."

In addition to the obvious administrative reasons for the site registration, there is an even more practical reason. The National Office is in the process of compiling a complete listing of SUP plaques and monuments so that interested travelers can visit historic sites and learn a little more about pioneer history. But they can only include on that list those sites of which they are aware. The rest will go unnoticed—unless you help.

If there's an SUP marker in your area, please check with Florence at the National Office to make sure that it is already included in her listing. And if you're planning a new plaque or monument, please contact Florence to get a site number.

Your efforts will be much appreciated.

The Ogden SUP Chapter

is offering a series of 12 silver medallions depicting the life of Jesus Christ,

with a new medallion to be struck every six months. The medallions will be available in silver for \$14 each or with gold plating for \$16.50 each. Beginning with "The Birth of Christ in the Manger," the series will include "Young Jesus at the Temple," "The Baptism," "Sermon on the Mount," "Calming of the Sea," "The Last Supper," "Gethsemane," "The Crucifixion," "Christ Visits America" and two others. For more information please contact the Ogden Sons of Utah Pioneers, 4147 Monroe Blvd., Ogden, Utah 84403, or call (801) 393-0706.

three medallions currently available feature "Joseph Smith at the Hill Cumorah," "The Salt Lake Temple Centennial" and last year's commemorative medal acknowledging the 150th anniversary of the martyrdom of Joseph Smith. Cost of the medallions, which are available in both silver and gold-plating, ranges from \$18 to \$25. For more information on the national SUP medallions, please contact SUP Headquarters at 3301 E. 2920 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84109.

OOPS!

In the Winter 1995 issue of *Pioneer*, Evan Stephens' mother was incorrectly identified as "June." The mother of the famed Mormon Tabernacle Choir conductor and hymn composer was Jane Stephens. We apologize for the error and thank reader Mary Jensen for calling the mistake to our attention.

Which Reminds Us

the National SUP Office still has limited editions of three silver medallions they have produced based on key events in LDS Church history. The

Calender of Events

July 24

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She graciously presides over the living room of my home on a quiet street in Bountiful. Caroline Theodora Loft Christiansen's portrait is in a lovely carved oak and gilt frame. She was looking away from the camera when the picture was taken. Her eyes seem to be gazing far away. A faint smile tugs at the corners of her mouth. Her hair is tightly pulled into a bun. Across the room from the portrait is the simple pine trunk her husband, Soren, built for their son, Christian John. The trunk has a painted "grain" in the style of the "marble" pillars in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. In beautiful script it reads: "C.J. Christiansen, Nephi, Jeuaab County, Utah, U.S. Amerika."



In Search of

The Challenging Quest for a Pioneer Woman's History

BY KAREN BOREN

These good people are the reason I am American and not living in Aarhus, Denmark. The more I have discovered about them, the better I know myself.

To learn about my great-great-grandfather Soren or my great-grandfather C.J. Christiansen is an easy task. Numerous books record their accomplishments: *Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah*, published by the Sons of Utah Pioneers, and also *The History of the Scandinavian Mission* by Andrew Jensen. I know that C.J. was bishop in Fountain Green, Utah, for 25 years. He helped build the St. George and Manti LDS temples and worked as a cow-herder, guard and messenger during the Indian Wars.

Great-great-grandfather Soren was a farmer in Aarhus County, Denmark, who joined the Mormon Church on June 20, 1857. He traveled to America with his wife and two children on the sailing ship *William Tapscott* and crossed the plains in the William Budge oxcart company. He operated a hotel in Fountain Green, kept bees and occasionally served to company his special home-made beer.

But what about great-great-grandmother Caroline?

To find her brief history, one is directed to look in her husband's file. This is often the case in historical research; pioneer women were chronicled as somebody's mother, daughter or wife. Clara Seager McRae, another great-great-granddaughter of Caroline, has documented the few things we know about our mutual ancestor, Caroline Theodora Loft. She pronounced her name "Car-line." The Mormon missionaries came to Denmark in 1850 and converted her future in-laws in 1852. She and Soren were married in 1854 when she was 17 and he was 23. An older brother of Soren's, Neils, joined the LDS Church in 1855, two years before Soren was baptized. Caroline was baptized eight days after her husband.

That simple fact prompted me to wonder why she hadn't been baptized the same day as her husband. Was it difficult for her to leave the faith of her people, the Evangelical Lutheran Church?

The
things known
about
Caroline are
known only
through
things
written
about her
husband.



Was she a person who needed to make important decisions carefully and independently? Was she ill at the time? I continue to wonder, because no one recorded why she wasn't baptized with her husband.

The things I do know about Caroline are things I know because of what has been written about her husband. With their 5-year-old son, C.J., and 4-year-old daughter, Maria Michaline, the Christiansen family journeyed to Copenhagen and boarded a new Prussian steamship, *Pauline*, on May 2, 1860, to sail across the North Sea to Grimsby, England. From there they traveled by rail to Liverpool where they stayed overnight in a hotel on Paradise Street. Again I wondered: was the street remembered and not the name of the hotel because these dear Saints felt like they were headed to their own special paradise in America's Zion? Again, there are no answers.

On May 11, in a group of 730 Scandinavian, Swiss, Welch and English Saints, the Christiansen family left Liverpool on the *William Tapscott* freighter. Their journey across the Atlantic would take 35 days. Smallpox was reported in seven of the pioneers. Ten people died on the trip, four babies were born and nine couples were married. The ship was quarantined for five days after its arrival in New York City.

From New York to Albany, then Rochester and Niagara Falls, along the north shore of Lake Erie in Canada, to Detroit, then to Chicago and then by train to Quincy, Ill., the journey was long and hard. Crossing the Mississippi to Hannibal, Mo., the family again traveled by rail to St. Joseph, Mo., and then sailed up the Missouri River to Florence, Neb., arriving during the night of June 30, 1860. Caroline was able to house her two young children in an abandoned cabin while Soren made preparations for the family to join the last ox team of the season heading west to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, under the direction of Captain William Budge. This company had 400 pioneers, 55 wagons, 215 oxen and 77 cows. They arrived in Salt Lake City on Oct. 5, 1860.

Soren and Caroline settled in Fountain Green, Sanpete County. I am descended from their son Christian John, who was always known as "C.J." My great-grandfather C.J. was a farmer and livestock producer. He grew the area's first sugar beets and delivered them to Moroni for \$4 a ton.

Caroline

C.J. married Ellen Jane Oldroyd. They traveled to Salt Lake City by horse team and covered wagon to be sealed in the Endowment House. Grandpa C.J. hauled loads of butter and eggs to Salt Lake and brought back goods to be sold to the co-op in Fountain Green. He and Ellen had 13 children, 10 of whom lived to adulthood.

My grandfather married Edna Estella Cook, a school teacher. From my grandmother I inherited my middle name, Estelle, and a love of writing. As a teenager I spent one summer reading her journals and coming to love this woman who raised a large family, taught school and served as Relief Society president. I tenderly unfolded the paper patterns that Grandmother Edna Estella used to make burial clothes for departed loved ones in Fountain Green. I still remember the entries in her journal when she wrote about sitting up all night with the dead before the funeral. I read the careful handwriting on the back of her class photo on March 24, 1900: Andersons, Drapers, Allreds, Johnsons, Lunds, Ostlers—names belonging to the people who made Fountain Green grow.

I have often studied a picture of my father, Theodore Valdon Christiansen, with his father, Christian Theodore, and grandmother, Ellen Oldroyd Christiansen, and her father, Peter Oldroyd. My grandfather was so handsome. My father wears a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit and has a large curl on his forehead. His little hand grasps a finger of Ellen Oldroyd Christiansen, C.J.'s wife.



Theodore Valdon Christiansen, with his father, Christian Theodore, and grandmother, Ellen Oldroyd Christiansen, and her father, Peter Oldroyd.

All of their histories



Mrs. E. Cook and her third grade class.

depend on
the mercies
of memory
or the good
graces of
someone
thoughtful
enough to
record them.



Four generations, all of them now gone. All of their histories depend on the mercies of memory or the good graces of someone thoughtful enough to record them.

I've called the last living generation to ask if they have an oral history we can document. "Oh, 'Little Grandpa,'" they say. "My father said 'Little Grandpa' (Soren) was such a gentle and loving man." But no one remembers Caroline. She worked beside her husband, worried through the Indian Wars, watched her son and daughter grow up and marry. Did she like to crochet? did she

enjoy reading? The thin file in the Daughters of Utah Pioneers Museum in Salt Lake City only tells me where she came from and how she pronounced her name. But I hunger to know more. I want to honor this good woman who left all that was dear to her to come to

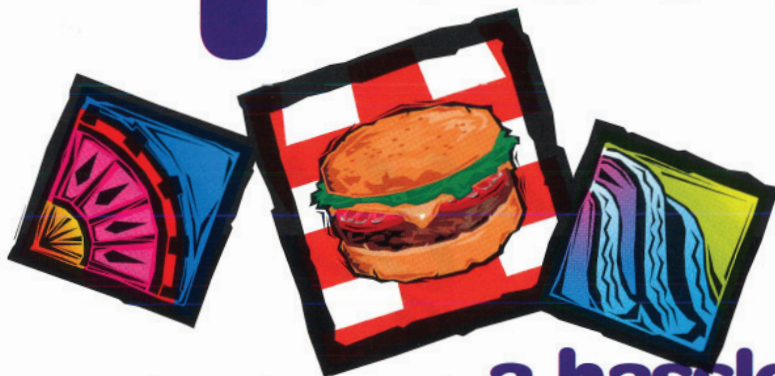
America, to Zion, to Fountain Green.

While searching for more information about my esteemed foremother, I learned that the DUP is going to observe Utah's Statehood Centennial by publishing and documenting the lives of Utah's stalwart and faithful women pioneers. All women settlers—married or single, adult or child, Mormon or "Gentile," even those who died on the journey—are eligible to be included in this compilation. Pioneer women who came to what is now Utah between July 1847 and May 10, 1869 will at last find their place in history. (It should be noted that since it will cost the DUP \$10,000 to publish the book, a fee of \$25 will be charged to all who wish to submit a name or a history for inclusion in the volume. Submission forms are available through the DUP, at the LDS Church Family History Library and the Museum of Church History and Art in Salt Lake City.)

Because I looked in the DUP files in Salt Lake City, I discovered that my great-great-grandmother Caroline left a black lace neck shawl to a granddaughter, who donated it to the museum. It's a precious artifact and a wonderful bit of history. But I'm hopeful that later this year I'll be able to look in the DUP's new written history of Utah's pioneering women and see a legacy of even greater worth: the legacy of a woman's life. ▼

Karen Boren is a staff writer for The Deseret News

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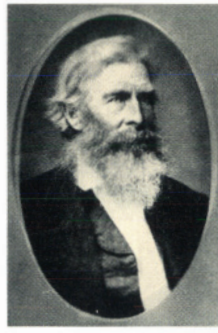
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An Unheralded Hero
From Utah's Pioneering Past

C A P T A I N

Henry Will

BY GARRY E. BRYANT



Courtesy O'Brian Collection

The weary missionary trudged the last few miles to his home and family.

He was tired and spent after traveling thousands of miles throughout Indian Territory. But he was joyful:

William Miller

"I had 16 miles yet to travel to get to my home in Farmington.

Found my family well. After an absence of two years and over three months,

I found myself at home with my family and friends. Thus the promise

of servants of the lord that said I should lay the foundation of a great work

and return to the bosom of the Church and my family. Through all

my sickness and sufferings I claimed the promise and obtained it...Had it not

been for the promise...I think they would have buried me in the

*Cherokee Nation."*¹

Such were the words of Captain Henry William Miller as recorded in his journal in 1857. This hardy pioneer followed his faith across the plains and the Rockies to the Salt Lake Valley—and from there to other Mormon colonies and missions. For Henry Miller, the struggle to establish Zion was a lifelong effort. And like many other early Latter-day Saints heroes, much of his sacrifice and work have gone unheralded through the years.

Henry William Miller, of Connecticut Yankee stock, was born May 1, 1807, at Lexington, Greene County, N.Y. He was the first son and fifth child of James Gardner Miller and Ruth Arnold. In his youth he learned carpentry and joining—skills that served him well throughout his life.

In his late teens, he traveled west to the infant trading post called Chicago, accompanied by his brother Daniel, who was two years younger. Together the two Miller boys worked at odd jobs and saved their money until they had enough to purchase land in west-central Illinois at a place called Quincy. At about the same time, the family of Thadeus and Lovisa Pond came from Ohio with their daughter, Elmira. “He (Henry Miller) was not religiously inclined,” Elmira Pond Miller wrote later of their first meeting, “but I believed he was the one for me for I loved him at first sight.” On June 19, 1831, Henry and Elmira were married at Quincy.²

When Elmira gave birth to her first child, Elizabeth, in 1832, her sister, Clarissa, came to help. Clarissa and Daniel Miller fell in love and on Dec. 29, 1832, they were married.³

In the winter of 1838, the Millers came into contact for the first time with members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Down the road from where the Millers lived, a Mormon named Abel Lamb set up his cooper’s shop. He began to teach the Millers about Mormonism and soon several other Mormon families and interested parties met at the Miller home to hear Elder Lamb. After a few meetings, Elder Lamb gave an invitation for baptism. Elmira was one of the first to step forward to receive the ordinance, but Elder Lamb refused to do so because Henry wasn’t in attendance. He counseled her to wait until the next meeting, promising that her husband would join her. In September 1839, Henry and Elmira became members of the LDS Church.⁴ A little more than a year later, Henry was appointed the first president of the Freedom Stake near Payson, Ill.⁵

During the next few years Henry was involved in several important church projects including the



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Elmira Pond Miller

development of the Nauvoo House,⁶ for which Henry and Daniel moved their families to a farm four miles from Carthage, Ill. Henry sold his property for \$4,000 and gave the money to the church along with 2,000 barrels of flour. Elmira wrote, “...We had been prospered ever since our marriage, and here was a call for some of the means the Lord had given us.”⁷

Of those days, Daniel’s son, Jacob, wrote: “Father and Uncle Henry were working together and the two families eating at the same table, their wives being sisters. Father did most of the farm work while Uncle was working more for the Church.”⁸

In the fall of 1841, Henry was among several brethren who were called to go up the Black River in Wisconsin and cut timber for the temple and the Nauvoo House. The entire Miller family went along to help. The journey began by boat up the Mississippi River, but the river froze, trapping the boat. For people of lesser faith, that would have been the end of the journey. But this company, which included 15 women and children, simply hitched their oxen to sleds and continued to the Black River forest area. The snow was so deep that the men had to walk in front of the oxen to clear a path, and at night the company had to shovel away the snow so they could make beds.

At the Pineries, as they were called, the men built a saw mill and began cutting timber and floating it down the river on rafts. But as winter conditions worsened their provisions began to run low. Elmira wrote in her journal that her greatest fear was of hearing her children cry for want of bread: “The Lord overruled their minds and appetites that when told we had no bread, and no flour to make any, they never asked for any. Our youngest, only a year and nine months, could not wait when the flour came to have it baked, he asked for some dough.”⁹

Once the work at the Pineries was completed, the families rafted back to Nauvoo down the Mississippi River. Henry filled in as a body guard for the Prophet, and he enlisted with Daniel in the Nauvoo Legion. In 1844 he participated in the formation of the Council of Fifty, a municipal department of the Kingdom of God on earth that was concerned with the constitutional rights of the Saints, among other duties.¹⁰

On June 27, 1844, Joseph and Hyrum Smith were killed at Carthage. Even though the Millers lived only four miles from Carthage Jail, it wasn’t until the next day that they found out what had happened. It soon became obvious to Henry that his family would be safer at Nauvoo. He bought

a two-story brick home there, where the family lived for almost six months. But when persecution increased, the Millers were among the first families to leave Nauvoo. They crossed the Mississippi River in flatboats while other families crossed in skiffs. When enough families had gathered together, they headed for the Missouri River as the advance company.

It took three months for the advance company to reach their destination. Along the way, they built bridges across streams and creeks and aided in corduroying the sloughs—all in extreme cold and windy weather. Upon reaching the Missouri River, the Millers set up camp about nine miles east of the river between two bluffs. The Miller brothers pooled their finances and bought a log house, a small orchard, a garden and some unimproved land from a French man named Hildreth—in all, about 160 acres. This lot was close to a deserted army fort. The area where the Miller families settled was called “Millers’ Hollow.”

Soon other wagon trains of displaced Saints began to settle at Millers’ Hollow. By early summer there were about 2,000 teams of pioneers located at Garden Grove, Mount Pisgah, Winter Quarters and Millers’ Hollow. Near the Millers’ log house, on the east side by Mosquito Creek, a pole was placed that flew the Stars and Stripes. This pole was called the liberty pole and was the headquarters for the mustering of the Mormon

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Battalion. Both Henry and Daniel Miller volunteered for the battalion, but Brigham Young pulled them aside and told them he needed their abilities there at Miller’s Hollow, not with the army.¹¹

The Millers remained there until 1848, when the long association of the Daniel and Henry Miller families came to an end. Daniel’s family was called to make the arduous journey to Salt Lake City. As for Henry, he continued at Kanesville (the name was changed from Millers’ Hollow to honor Col. Thomas L. Kane, **Mormonism’s most powerful non-LDS ally**, during the April 1848 General Conference). President Young had asked him to grow lots of corn for the emigrating Saints.

Henry finally made his first trip to the Salt Lake Valley in 1850, but he didn’t stay long. It wasn’t until 1852, when Kanesville was no longer needed as an outfitting and staging area, that church authorities in the Salt Lake Valley gave the go-ahead for the remaining Saints to come to Zion. As had Nauvoo several years before, Kanesville experienced a great exodus. At the head of one of the exiting companies was Henry Miller, who was captain of the wagon train.¹²

During the next few years Henry made seven trips across the plains — twice in 1850, once each in 1852, 1855 and 1857 and twice in 1862. For five of the seven journeys, Henry served as captain of the wagon train, entitling him to use the title of



Crossing the Missouri River, by C.C.A. Christensen. Courtesy Earl Dorius



Kanesville, Iowa, Oil painting from a Frederick Piercy original. Courtesy Museum of Church History and Art

"Captain," by which he was called the remainder of his life.¹³

After three years attempting to colonize Arizona, Henry Miller settled his families at St. George, Utah. On April 10, 1867, three years before Maj. John W. Powell would boat down the Colorado River, Henry, along with Jacob Hamblin, Erastus Snow, Jesse Crosby and others, rowed down the Colorado River for about 65 miles. The last 45 miles of the trip was boated only by Hamblin, Crosby and Henry. It is likely that this stretch of river had never been traveled by white men before.¹⁴

For the next 20 years Henry continued farming. He was director of the Canaan Co-op Stock Company, the St. George Co-op Mercantile Institution and the Rio Virgin Manufacturing Co.¹⁵

From 1883 to 1885, Henry's health began to decline. During a visit to Farmington, Utah, he died Oct. 9, 1885, and was buried next to his brother Daniel in the Farmington Cemetery.¹⁶

Henry Miller wasn't one of the most famous leaders of Utah's pioneer era. But he was one of its most willing participants. From Quincy to Nauvoo to Kanesville to the Salt Lake Valley, he was an important part of Utah's pioneering process. ▼

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HMW

Garry E. Bryant, a descendant of Captain Henry Miller, is a photographer for the Deseret News.

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GENEVA STEEL

Under a cupola near 600 East in Salt Lake City stands a historic marker commemorating the “Lone Cedar Tree.” This monument was erected in 1933 by the Daughters of Utah Pioneers and sheltered, until vandals took it in 1958, the trunk of a cedar, or juniper, tree. The tree stood along the immigrant route into the city—today’s 300 South—and was familiar to the many thousands who passed this way into the valley.

One of these immigrants, Rebecca Dilworth Riter, recalled: “As we left Emigration Canyon . . . and came over the east bench in 1847, a group of people had gathered under the wide spreading branches of this lone Cedar Tree to greet us. It was a great bower of green in the desert valley. . .”¹ As the city grew up around it, the “Lone Cedar Tree” was a rendezvous point and landmark to generations of Salt Lake City residents.

Because of its distinction, the “Lone Cedar” has been thought by many to have been the only tree in the valley when the main body of Brigham Young’s pioneer company arrived July 24, 1847. Such was not the case. Although trees were few in the valley, several stands of box elders, cottonwoods and scrub oaks did play a role in the settlement of Great Salt Lake City.



Forgotten Lives of Early

BY W. RANDALL DIXON



View of Salt Lake City, by Frederick Piercy. Courtesy Bedford Photo. Bedford, MA

ng Landmarks ly Salt Lake City



Great Salt Lake Valley, by H.A. Culmer. Courtesy L.D.S. Archives

The scarcity of trees was one of the first things noted by the pioneers entering the Salt Lake Valley in 1847. After William Clayton made his way down Emigration Canyon on July 22, 1847, he observed that “there was but little timber in sight anywhere, and that is mostly on the banks of creeks and streams...”² His companion, George A. Smith, remarked, “...a few clumps and fringes of willows and scattering [of] cottonwoods and box elder trees on the runs is all the timber or shrubbery in the valley.”³

It was to a grove of trees on one of these “runs,” City Creek, that the pioneers were drawn. As Thomas Bullock, the company clerk, recorded on July 23, the group took “a strait road to a small grove of cottonwood trees . . . on the bank of a beautiful stream of water covered on both sides with willows and shrubs...”⁴ Here on the south branch of City Creek near what Albert Carrington described as “a few small cottonwoods and plenty of small willows,”⁵ plowing, planting and irrigation began. The grove adjacent to the camp served as a meeting place and workshop. On July 26, Howard Egan wrote:

*We put our tents this morning, in the grove where we had our meeting yesterday, for the brethren to work in. Brother Baird has commenced making a pair of pants for me out of buckskins, and Brother Cloward is mending the elders’ shoes.*⁶

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William Clayton

Apparently this place remained a shady campground for some time since George Goddard mentioned camping there himself for a few days on his arrival in 1852.⁷ When the city was divided into lots, the site became the homestead of Samuel Bringham, who reported in 1853 a “grey eagle” in a tree “taking observation” of his pigs in a nearby sty.⁸ The eagle was probably perched in one of the cottonwoods along the creek. This grove was located on what became Third South between Main and State streets in the new city.



After spending a few days camped on the south fork of the creek, the pioneers moved to a spot at the mouth of City Creek Canyon just below the division of the creek into north and south branches—the present location of the LDS Church Office Building. One branch ran west, roughly paralleling today’s North Temple Street, while the other branch flowed south along what became Main Street. On the evening of July 28, Brigham Young selected a nearby site for a temple. Thomas Bullock described the temple site as being “midway between a cluster of trees on the South and a few trees on the North Creek.”⁹ These scrub oaks on the “North Creek,” which currently runs under North Temple Street, were also used by the pioneers as a meeting place to

William Clayton. Courtesy Utah Historical Society

conduct camp and church business.

On August 7, Willard Richards and Thomas Bullock "went up to [a] tree on the left creek, under its shade, spread a robe [and] dictated a very long epistle . . ."¹⁰ Two weeks later, the Council of the Twelve Apostles assembled under "the Old Oak Tree" to make plans before Brigham Young's return to Winter Quarters.¹¹

After Brigham Young returned east, Lorenzo Dow Young, who spent the first winter in a nearby log cabin, made good use of one of the trees. According to his son, John R. Young:

Just across the creek stood an old gnarled oak tree. Ten feet from the ground a large limb shot straight out, making a good gallows on which to hang beeves and father used it for that purpose. The first ox that he slaughtered he hung the hid, flesh side out, on that limb; and it attracted dogs from the fort, and wolves form the mountain.¹²

The son of Howard Egan also remembered the oaks near the intersection of Main and North Temple streets:

...when the first grading of Main Street was being done north of the Temple block, how sorry I felt to see a man cut down a very large oak tree that was standing in the middle of where they wanted the road. There was only one more tree as large and that stood some distance to the southeast...Each year they were loaded with acorns. I have climbed both of these trees to gather them. I don't see now why such landmarks should not have been preserved.¹³

Less is known of the "cluster of trees" of which Thomas Bullock spoke on the south branch of City Creek near the temple site. James H. Martineau recalled that the grove comprised "some tall native cottonwoods."¹⁴ The location was just south of South Temple Street and east of Main Street and became the site of the homes of Ezra T. Benson and Jedediah M. Grant. In 1853, Grant, the first mayor of Salt Lake City, held a "court under the shade of the trees on City Creek,"¹⁵ conveniently adjacent to his home.

Besides the groups of trees already mentioned, there were other trees along the creeks, such as the "cluster of box elder trees" a few rods up City Creek from the cabin of the Lorenzo Dow Young family where Wanship's band of Indians camped during that first winter.¹⁶

The largest and longest surviving group of trees in the city was the "Pioneer Grove" located further west along the north branch of City Creek.



*I
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Son of Howard Egan



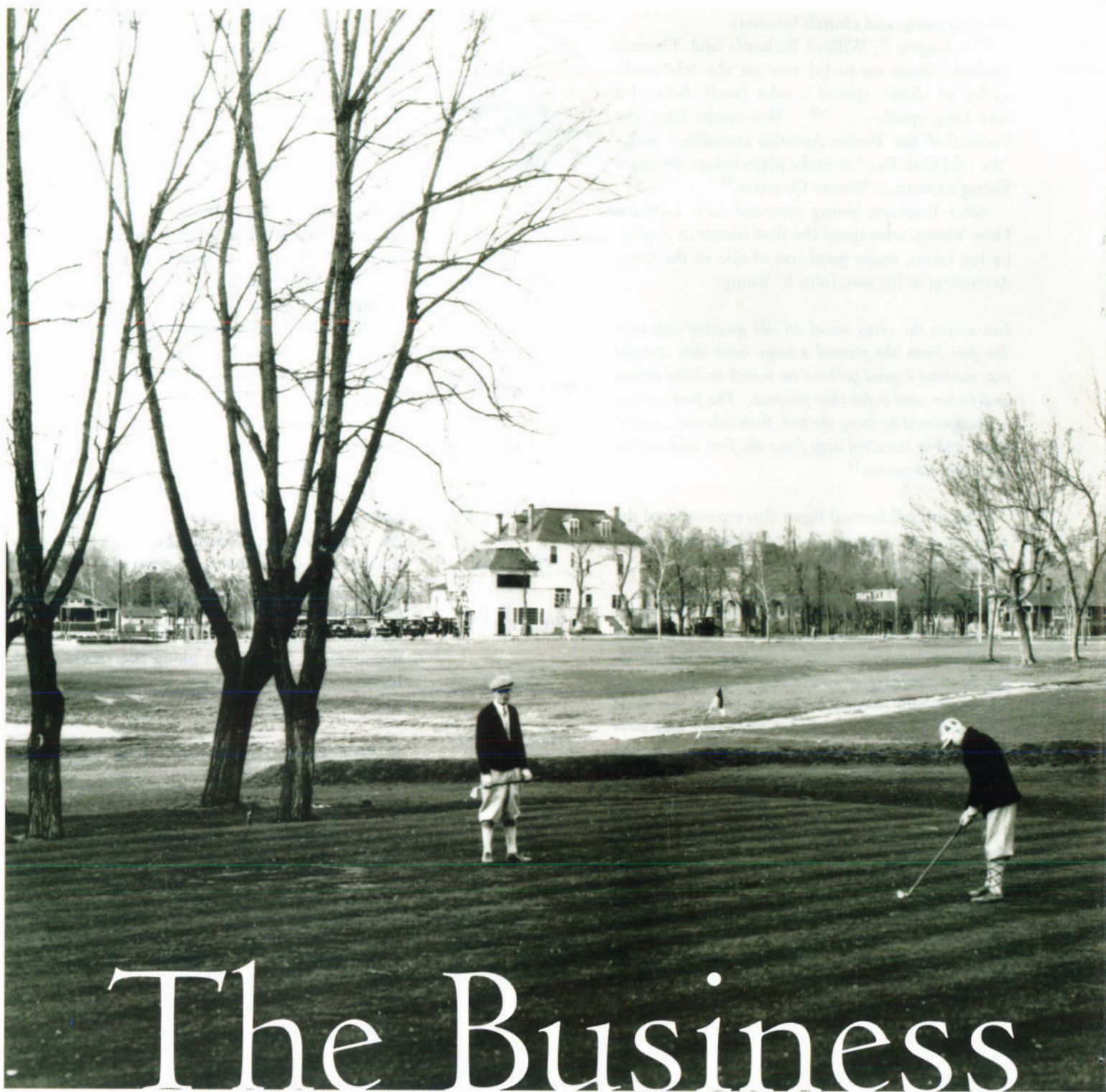
In October of 1848 Henry W. Bigler built a home on his city lot "situated in a very nice part of the city on City Creek, a nice little grove of box elder and cottonwood on it and two blocks west from the Temple Block."¹⁷ The grove soon became a community recreation spot. On the Fourth of July in 1854, for example, the Nauvoo Brass Band went to "the grove" to provide music for dining and dancing.¹⁸ Later that year George Wardell erected on his premises near Pioneer Grove a spacious hall "for the accommodation . . . of Balls, Pic-Nic and Cotillion Parties and Social Assemblies of every description."¹⁹ In later years, besides Bigler, pioneer photographer Marsena Cannon and Judge LeGrand Young made their homes in "the Grove."²⁰ Today, the Triad Center stands near this location.

The growth of the city had its effect on these pioneer trees. Besides the construction of streets and the building of homes, probably the biggest effect came from the consolidation of the branches of City Creek into a single channel dug down the center of North Temple Street, depriving the trees of the source that gave them life. The trees that survived gradually merged into the landscape of new trees that were planted along the streets and in the yards of the growing city. Eventually the memory of the trees along the creeks faded, leaving only the memory of the "Lone Cedar Tree" on the valley floor. ▼

W. Randall Dixon is an archivist in the LDS Church Historical Department.

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Lone Cedar Tree Monument. Courtesy L.D.S. Archives



The Business of Liv

Remarkable, Faithful Joseph Rosenblatt



The year was 1920. Slim, trim, bespectacled and scholarly Woodrow Wilson was president of the United States. In Mormon-dominated Utah, the governor was Jewish: short, stocky Simon Bamberger, who, as a railroad and mining executive did not drink liquor or smoke, and preferred not to hire those who did. • On one 1920 day, a black-haired Jewish teenager stroked a hole-in-one at the Nibley Golf Course. The next day his picture appeared in the newspaper, along with a prominent story. The lad's name was Joseph Rosenblatt. • His father, industrialist and philanthropist Nathan Rosenblatt, was annoyed with the big press coverage. To his son he said: "Promise me that you will never do this again." • Recalls Joe Rosenblatt: "It is a promise I have easily kept."



Nathan Rosenblatt

ing

BY WENDELL J. ASHTON

Joe Rosenblatt has indeed not repeated that hole-in-one. But now in his tenth decade on earth, he has repeated much more acclaimed accomplishments. They have come in Utah business and philanthropy, as well as in leadership in worthy causes that have enriched hundreds of thousands of lives. For all who have known him, Joseph Rosenblatt has been a living testimony that one can be warmly friendly with adherents of other faiths without compromising his own religious beliefs and practices.

Historically, Jews and Mormons generally have had friendly relationships in Utah for nearly 150 years. As early as March 1, 1950, Salt Lake City dweller Lorenzo Brown wrote in his diary: "Called to see some Hungarian Jews living in the ward. They are emigrants bound for the mines, were forced to leave their native land on account of the revolution."

The first Jews to set up a business in Salt Lake City were a couple: Julius and Fanny Brooks. They arrived in July, 1853, in a prairie schooner with 14 other wagons. They set up a millinery shop on Main Street's west side, just south of Third South. Within a year, they added a bakery.



Tillie Schoenbaum Rosenblatt

Other Jewish merchants followed, and such names as Auerbach, Newhouse, Baer, Bamberger, Simon, Cohn and Rosenblatt became well-known in Salt Lake City business.

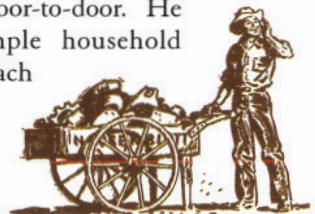
The first Rosenblatt to enter Utah was Joe's father, Nathan. Born in Brest-Litovsk, Russia, on May 1, 1866, he immigrated to America in 1885 when he was 19 years old. Nathan's birthplace today is called Brest, a city of some 236,000 people, a few miles east of central Poland's border.

He settled briefly in Denver, then made his home in Salt Lake City. In Denver he married

another emigrant from Brest-Litovsk, Russia: beautiful Tillie Schoenbaum.

With Tillie, his first residence in Salt Lake City was on the northeast corner of State and Eighth South. The homes in that area were small, with no indoor plumbing except running water. The streets were often deeply muddy.

Young Nathan began his employment pushing a two-wheel cart from door-to-door. He sold clothing and simple household wares. One of the Auerbach brothers provided him on-consignment goods to sell. Nathan then bought and sold scrap iron and other waste materials. This business developed into Utah Junk Company.



Nathan's business grew. Later he launched Structural Steel and Forge Company, EIMCO and American Foundry and Machine Company. In 1889, when Nathan was 26 years old, a group of orthodox and conservative Jews met in his home for a religious service. They also made plans for a future congregation. They tentatively decided to call themselves Congregation Montefiore, for Sir Moses Montefiore. He was a well-known English Jew, born in Italy. Congregation Montefiore built a synagogue in 1903.

Joseph was the youngest of Nathan and Tillie's three sons. Since his two older brothers, Simon and Morris, were 14 and 12 years older than Joe, he was raised like an only child.

Joseph was born in Salt Lake City on Jan. 13, 1903. He attended Oquirrh Elementary School on Fourth East between Third and Fourth South. He was probably the only Jewish student in the school. Most were Mormons, but children of other faiths also attended.

"I cannot remember anything at school but what it was a pleasant experience," Joe recalled.

Joe Rosenblatt began attending Salt Lake City's East High School in 1917. He tried out for several athletic teams, but was too awkward to succeed. East's coach was Ott Romney. Joe described him as "the most eloquent man I ever knew." Joe heard him often as he inspired his winning teams, because Romney gave Joe a job as a coach's aid.

From East, Joe entered the University of Utah, being graduated in 1926 with a degree in law. Two years later, when Joe was 25 years old, he received a business assignment that matured him from a youth to a responsible man of business.

In 1928, the Nathan Rosenblatt business purchased a large mining plant in Arizona.

Joseph
Rosenblatt
has been
a living
testimony that
one can be
warmly friendly
with adherents
of faiths
without
compromising
his own
religious beliefs
and practices.



According to Joe, he was asked "to go down and take [the plant] over...dismantle it, sell it and send it back to Salt Lake City if it needed repair." It was the first time Joe had been away from home for any length of time. The plant had been closed for two years before Joe arrived.

"The only living things that were around were rattlesnakes," he remembers.

As Joe walked through the silent processing plant, he thought there might be some value in the residue left in the equipment. He visited the manager of the copper company selling the plant. "Kid, I have a notion from the way you're talking that you think there's some clean-up left in the mill of the ores we were treating," Joe recalls. "I just want to save you some disappointment. We swept that place clean before we sold it to you. There's nothing there."

Joe had other ideas. He returned to the plant. Then he hired a clean-up crew. After two months of work, the clean-up men assembled two carloads of concentrates. They were sold to Magna Mines, about 50 miles away. At the time, copper was selling for 18 cents a pound. For the concentrates, Joe received nearly \$20,000—"a huge amount in 1928."

Meanwhile, a new mining operation was being built in eastern Washington near the Canadian border. The engineers of that company saw a Rosenblatt advertisement in a mining journal telling about their equipment in Arizona. An engineer from the company visited Joe in Arizona. Joe suggested the plant, with its machinery, be moved to the site in Washington.

"Well," the engineer replied, "make us a proposition."

Joe did. The sale was made.

It took about two years to take the plant apart, ship it to Washington, and re-construct it. When the move was completed, the purchasing mine owners were delighted. Joe received the final payment in 1930, just as the Great Depression was beginning. After six months in the Spokane area, Joe returned home. His family was happy to see him—and the payment check, too.

In the succeeding years Joe moved into the business shoes of his able, kindly father. He became the chief executive officer of EIMCO Corp., manufacturing mining machinery. For more than 40 years he was president of EIMCO.

When he retired as CEO in 1966, the company had 3,400 employees worldwide, 1,800 of them in Utah.

Meanwhile at Lagoon resort, then owned by

Joe is
admired for the
way he

follows the
words of
Ecclesiastes:

"Cast your
bread upon the
waters..."

As did his
father, he gives
generously,
quietly and
proudly.



Evelyn and Joseph Rosenblatt

Simon Bamberger, young Joe met a charming brunette from Ogden: Evelyn Benowitz. Just after his completion of the sale of the Arizona plant, Joe and Evelyn were married. The ceremony was performed by Rabbi Samuel H. Gordon in the President's Suite of Hotel Utah (now the Joseph Smith Memorial Building).

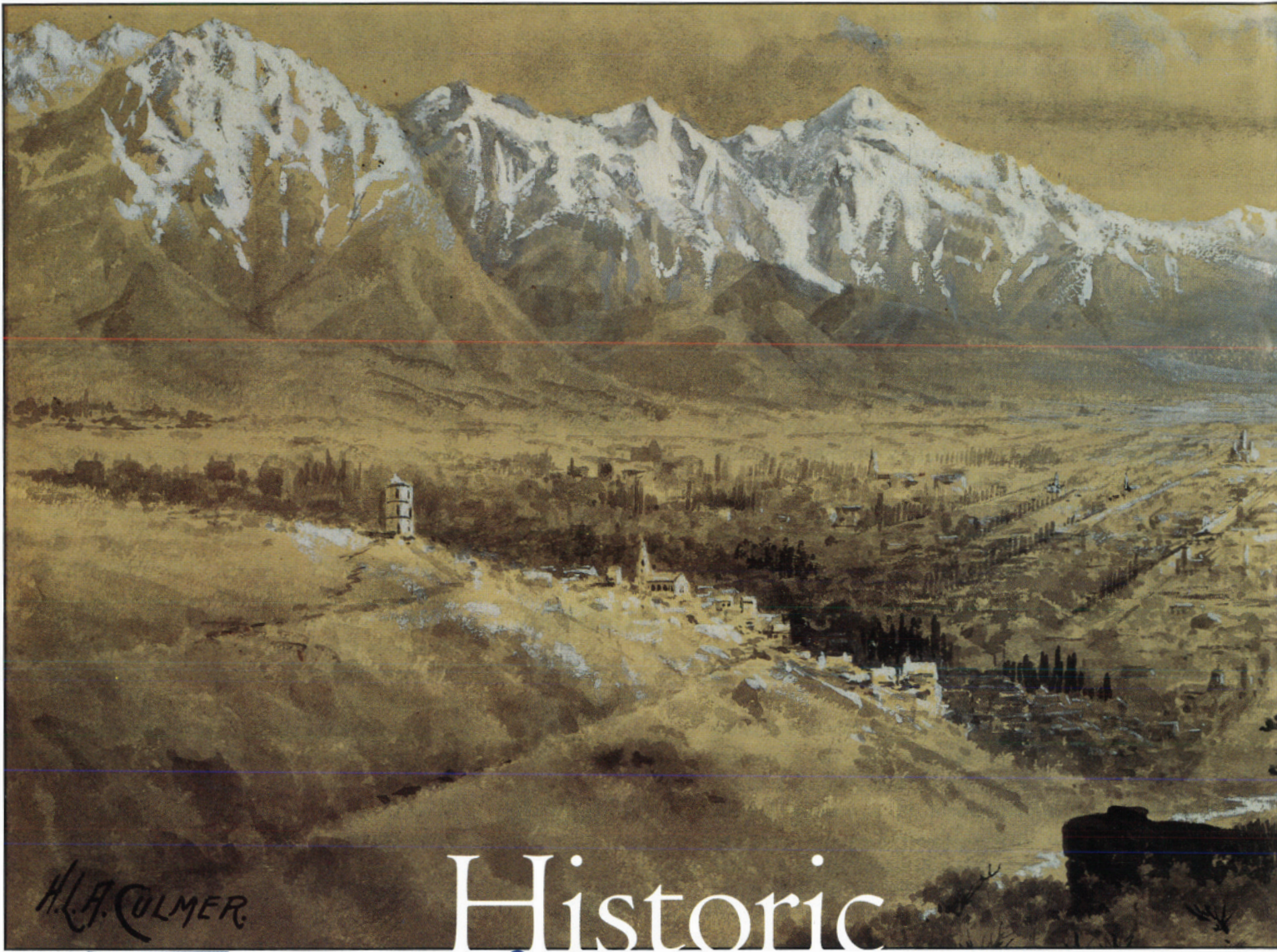
Their companionship has been blessed with three sons (Norman, Stephen and Toby) and one daughter (Mindy), nine grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Joe, who loves classical music (particularly from the Utah Symphony) and reading good biographies, has extended his leadership far beyond EIMCO. For 16 years he was chairman of the Holy Cross Hospital. He has also served on the U. of U.'s Hospital Board and the Salt Lake City Airport Authority. For four years (1957-1961) he was on the Board of Trustees of Utah State Agricultural College (now Utah State University). In 1976 he retired as a member of the board of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco. He was also one of the founding co-chairmen of the Utah Region, the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

Aside from his achievements in business and in worthy causes, Joe is admired for the way he follows the words of Ecclesiastes: "Cast your bread upon the waters..." As did his father, he gives generously, quietly and proudly. He has formed a foundation that lifts individuals and good causes in ways taught by Jeremiah and Job.

Though short in stature, Joe's spirit makes him a giant, a modern pioneer in every sense of the word. And yet he is gentle, warm and human. A few years ago, my wife Belva and I were dinner guests of Evelyn and Joseph Rosenblatt at their condominium. I cannot remember what we ate that evening. But I can never forget Joseph Rosenblatt's blessing on the food. He spoke with the affection, eloquence and reverence of a noble son addressing his Father.

He truly loves God—and his fellow beings, too. ▴



Historic Ensign Peak

To the north of Salt Lake
famed Temple
promontory rises
pioneer times,



On July 26, 1847, several days after the first Mormon pioneers entered the Salt Lake Valley, Brigham Young and other Mormon leaders went to the top of Ensign Peak. The party included LDS apostles Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards, Wilford Woodruff, George A. Smith and Ezra T. Benson. Also joining the party were church secretaries Albert Carrington and William Clayton.

There were two reasons for the trip. First, the men wanted to see the countryside, and from the Peak's summit they gained a breathtaking view. Looking to the north, they could see distant mountains. The western view had the placid, mirror-like Salt Lake. But the Mormon leaders probably spent most of their time looking south. There, stretching in the vista before them, was a beautiful, 25-mile long valley, with a half dozen streams flowing from the eastern mountains.

City, two or three miles from Square, an odd, knob-shaped from the valley floor. Since it has been called Ensign Peak.

BY RONALD W. WALKER



Ensign Peak, Courtesy L.D.S. Archives

This view confirmed the belief that the Salt Lake Valley had enough land and water for a large settlement.

The second reason for the hike was religious, which President Young explained some years later. Before leaving Nauvoo, President Young said that he had seen a dream or vision: he had seen an angel standing on a "conical hill" pointing to where the new city and new temple should be built. President Young believed that the angel was Joseph Smith and that Ensign Peak was the hill of his dreams.

The name "Ensign Peak" came from Old Testament scripture. According to the prophet Isaiah, in the last days an ensign (a banner or flag) would be raised that would mark the place where "the remnant of his people" were to be gathered (Isaiah 11:11). The early Mormon leaders believed that they were literally fulfilling Isaiah's words. Accordingly, they may have flown an emblem during their trip to the summit, which some people later said was an American flag. More likely the "banner" was Elder Kimball's yellow bandanna attached to Elder Willard Richards' walking cane. The makeshift emblem was not as important as what it symbolized. It promised that the Salt Lake Valley would be a refuge for the downtrodden and the religious seeker.

Thus from the start of the Mormon settlement, its citizens honored Ensign Peak. Occasionally Mormon leaders performed important religious ordinances there. During the first Pioneer Day celebration in 1849, Mormon pioneers also unfurled a special banner on its summit, which they called "the Flag of the Kingdom" or the "Flag of Deseret." Since that time the hill has been the scene of many celebrations. During the early 1900s, the Boy Scouts made annual treks to the summit. On other occasions, as many as 500 people from all over the state joined the celebration. One year the trail was marked by a series of buffalo-head emblems that had Indian arrows pointing to the summit. During another commemoration, evening hikers descended from the summit carrying picturesque Chinese lanterns.

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These late evening services had community sings, solos, campfires, games, flag-raising and orations by the leading Utah speakers of the time. These speakers included Melvin J. Ballard, B.H. Roberts, Ruth May Fox, Anthony W. Ivins, Nephi L. Morris, George Albert Smith, Orson F. Whitney and Richard W. Young. In 1934 President Heber J. Grant spoke briefly on the summit.

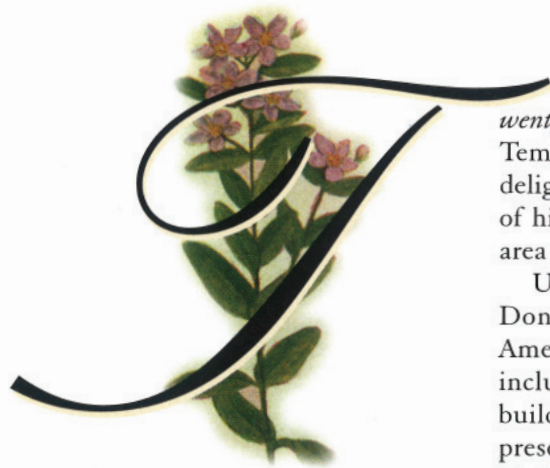
With the passage of time, Ensign Peak became less Mormon and more ecumenical. City and state officials designated Ensign Peak as an official place for flying the American flag. As a result, during the first decades of the 20th Century, "Old Glory" usually flew on the Peak's summit on holidays and special occasions.

During these years, city boosters campaigned

to make the hill a historic landmark. Some suggested planting a forest of trees at its base. In 1916, the Salt Lake City Council debated whether a large, cement cross should be put on the hill. Advocates of the plan believed the cross would symbolize the Christian faith of the city's residents. A more modest monument eventually was built. In 1934 the LDS

Ensign Stake constructed a memorial shaft (appropriately 18.47 feet in height) composed of stones obtained from most LDS stakes and historic sites.

Today efforts are once more underway to preserve Salt Lake City's important Ensign Peak. The Salt Lake City Public Services Department and the Ensign Peak Foundation, a non-profit organization of private citizens, are raising money to build a historic trail and nature park. The plans for this \$370,000 project (all to be privately raised) include hiking trails, historic signs, two vista points on the reclamation of badly eroding soil. The project is scheduled to be completed in 1996 as part of Utah's Statehood Centennial celebration. Those interested in making a donation should contact Kim Wilson, treasurer of the Ensign Peak Foundation, 736 Northview Circle, Salt Lake City, Utah 84103. ▼



Temple Quarry Chapter

Tagging Along Through American Fork

*Submitted by
Golden A. Buchmiller*

Twenty-five members and guests of the Temple Quarry Chapter enjoyed a delightful Tag-A-Long (via cars) tour of historic sites in the American Fork area recently.

Under the direction of Glen and Donna Greenwood (Donna is an American Fork native), morning stops included the M.L. Bigelow Co. organ builders and a museum and log cabin preserved by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. Following lunch at the Golden Corral, the group visited the Star Flour Mill, one of only five century-old mills in the United States with its original machinery still intact. New owner Daniel Cooper said he plans to open the mill to the public this fall and serve meals at a new restaurant located in the four-story building.

Just a few blocks east of the mill is the construction site of the new Mount Timpanogos Temple, which the group visited for a few minutes. We then traveled to Alpine's Pioneer Park, which features the original Moyle family home and a rock defense tower built by the Moyle family to protect themselves from Indian attack. Also in Alpine, we visited the Peppermint Place, a candy factory where we watched a video on candy making and bought sweets.

The final stop of the day was at the home and studio of Dennis Smith in Highland. He has developed his artistic talents in many directions since he sculpted most of the beautiful works at the Women's Monuments in Nauvoo, Ill.

Also of note in the Temple Quarry Chapter: the election of new officers for 1995. They are Calvin Brady, president; Sam Allen, president-elect; Jim Ostler, vice president and awards; Mary Ann Etherington, secretary; Dale Callister, treasurer; Gene Newbold, historian; Wayne Barrett, chaplain; Glen Greenwood, trekmaster; Reed Newbold and George Harris, membership; Gloria Ostler, newsletter; Golden Buchmiller, public relations; and Eleanor Munk and Carol Buchmiller, music. Allen Howard is the past president.

Canyon Rim Chapter

Art-full Trekking

Trek Master Max Wheelwright led a group of eight members of the Canyon Rim Chapter on a tour of Brigham Young University's recently opened Museum of Art. The group enjoyed the superb photographic portraits of famous people that were done by the man many consider to be the greatest portrait artist of this century, Yousef Karsh. Included among his portraits on exhibit at the BYU museum were photographs of Albert Einstein, Winston Churchill, Humphrey Bogart and Pablo Casals. Another new exhibit was one showing the newer paintings of our own Utahn, Douglas Snow. Of special interest to the group of SUP members was the exhibit featuring 22 C.C.A. Anderson paintings of the early LDS pioneer trek across the plains.

From the Canyon Rim Chapter Newsletter

Sugar House Chapter

A History of Our Own

In addition to studying the history of their pioneer forebears, members of the Sugarhouse Chapter in Salt Lake City have been ensuring their own place in the history of the SUP.

Under the direction of Lynn and Mina Murdock, the chapter has compiled a biographical history of its nearly 100 members, including their spouses. A bound copy of the history was given to each member of the chapter, and is available to any others who are interested.

The Sugarhouse Chapter also enjoyed a recent visit from former Utah Sen. Jake Garn, and is encouraging all of its members to get involved in the Utah State Historical Society's "Face of Utah" centennial effort.

Submitted by Melba B. Croft

Mesa Chapter

New Leaders Elected

New officers were elected recently at a meeting of the Mesa Chapter. They are: Wallace L. Burgess, president; Ron Palmer, first vice president; Art Seiter, second vice president; Ralph Russell, secretary; Eldred Cluff, treasurer; Neldon Nichols, director; Robert Bird, director; Clarence Giles, area vice president; and David Lloyd, director/historian. Charles Crismon is the past president.



From left-to-right: Duane Brown *Director*, Edward E. Burgoyne *Secretary-Treasurer*, Dale Markham *President*, Hugh Phillips *President Elect*, Lorenzo Lisonbee *Director*, Bud Cahoon *Past President*, Clarence Giles *Area Vice-President*

Tempe Chapter

New Leaders Elected

New officers were elected at a recent meeting of the Tempe Chapter in Arizona. They are: Dale Markham, president; Hugh Phillips, president-elect; Edward E. Burgoyne, secretary-treasurer; and Duane Brown and Lorenzo Lisonbee, directors. Bud Cahoon is the past president.

Olympus Hills Chapter

New Officers Elected

New officers have been elected in the Olympus Hills Chapter for 1995. They include: Duaine Trowbridge, president; Val Moore, president-elect; McKay Anderson, vice president; Paul Wainwright, secretary; Tom Hawkins, treasurer; Rex Woodruff, historian; Leon Jensen, national encampment; Elmo St. Jeor, membership; Earl Duerden, treks; Pete Nelson, name memorialization; and Cliff Spendlove, awards. Jay Knudsen is the past president.



From left-to-right: Leon Jensen *National Encampment*, Elmo St. Jeor *Membership*, McKay Anderson *Vice-President*, Earl Duerden *Treks*, Val Moore *President Elect*, Paul Wainwright *Secretary*, Jay Knudsen *Past President*, Duaine Trowbridge *President*, Pete Nelson *Name Memorialization*, and Tom Hawkins *Treasurer*.

SUP Spotlight

Longtime SUP member and old time rodeo champion **Earl W. Bascom**, now of Victorville, Calif., was an honored guest at the recent National Finals Rodeo in Las Vegas, Nev., for the unveiling of the official 1994 NFR Commemorative Silver Buckle, which he designed. The 89-year-old artist, who is known in rodeo history for designing and making rodeo's first one-hand bareback rigging back in 1924, was commissioned to design the special limited edition buckle commemorating the 70th year of the one-hand bareback riding event...**Kay Schwendiman**, a member of the Canyon Rim Chapter and a long-time military chaplain, has been elected chairman of the United States National Conference of Ministry to the Armed Forces...

New Members

Kenneth J. Alford
James L. Anderson
Roger E. Anderson
Monte D. Bailey
Joseph Morris Beck
Max J. Berryessa
Clive Bradford
Don Verle Breinholt Sr.
Gray I. Clawson
Grant B. Clayburn
A. Edward Cooper
Gordon A. Curtis
Robert Owen Day
Ross L. Dearden
Paul E. Felt
Gregory Lynn Foy
Vernon Lee Giles
R. Stanley Hall
Warren B. Hansen
Robert D. Hemingway
Bruce James Hoggan
Gordon Holmgren
Richard C. Howe
Wallace Edmund Hurd
Richard L. Jacobson
Dennis R. Jenkins
Orson E. Jensen
Perris Jensen
Clifton I. Johnson
William H. Kinsely
Kenneth R. Kissner
Charles Ivan Lewis
Bennion N. Lloyd

Richard D. Logan
Darrell A. Loveland
Grant Mace
Raymond A. Maloney
David McAllister
Gordon M. McClean Sr.
Val M. McCleery
Douglas McConochie
Richard L. Miller
Michael Elwood Nielsen
Viril R. Nuttall
Wesley H. Odell
Oren Vern Owen
Terry Val Park
Dr. Vaughn R. Park
J. Carlyle Parker
Joseph H. Patterson
Dan Petersen
Hal W. Peterson
Sherman Peterson
Wesley Petterborg
Paul R. Powell
Arlo Prisbrey
W. Irving Ransom
Richard L. Rice
Fenly Adrian Richins
William C. Rigby
Verl Ritchie
Kenneth L. Robertson
M. Moreno Robins
Andrew Burdell Ruesch
Carl B. Runyan

Arthur Dale Seiter
John L. Sherrow
Joseph Simpson
Hugh C. Sloan
Reid John Sloan
Don R. Smith
Cluff D. Snow
Karl N. Snow Jr.
Elvon Howard Spencer
James E. Spencer
Charlie Starr
Millard Ellis Talbot
Harold B. Taylor
Robert M. Taylor
Alan Thacker
Darrell Brent Tomlinson
Bob Troub
Alan D. Trowbridge
Donald F. VanderLinden
Edward B. Walker
George B. Wall
Lawrence Weinsheimer
Glen F. Werner
James Newel Welch
Lynne H. Welch
Keith R. Westover
Wallace C. Wheadon
Dean P. Wiberg
Craig Wilcken
Sheldon G. Wimmer
David Earl Keith Wirick
Guy O. Woodward

Chapter Eternal

Sterling Ebenezer Beesley, 83,
of Bountiful, Utah.
Wayne Melvin Borg,
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Gordon M. Christensen,
Salt Lake City, Utah.
George Lynn Garff, 89,
of Salt Lake City, Utah.
Kenneth O. Maughan, 92,
Pleasant View, Utah.
Stevenson McDonald, 90,
of St. George, Utah.
Willard Bean Walch, 54,
of Bountiful, Utah.

To Our Readers

Personal and chapter contributions for this section are solicited. We are looking for information about the activities and accomplishments of SUP members and chapters. *All reports of chapter activities will be used, although the editor reserves the right to edit for space and content.* Brief, informative articles have the best chance of full publication. Articles may be accompanied by photographs, but photos are not required. We are especially looking for photographs that show action, historic photos and photographs of historic sites and locations. Contributions can be mailed to the *Pioneer Magazine* Editor in care of the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, 3301 E. 2920 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84109. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you would like photos or printed information returned to you.



One Mountain at a Time



by
Joseph Walker

William threw his tired teenage body to the ground in the sparse shade of the first tree they had seen for several days. "That's it! I'm through! I'll not take another step!" he said.

Caroline stood beside him anxiously, torn between love and loyalty for her older brother and the fact that the pioneer wagon train with which they were affiliated was moving on without them. She nudged him gently with her foot.

"Come along, William. We don't want to fall too far behind."

"I don't care. Let them go. I'll just stay here the rest of my life."

"I shouldn't think that would be very long, since you have no food or blankets."

"I don't care," William said, closing his eyes against the dust and the heat and, perhaps, life itself. Then he added, softly: "It's too far. I just can't do it."

Caroline was startled by what she was hearing from her brother. They had been through a lot together — their mother's death during childbirth in England; the family's immigration to America, a perilous voyage during which their younger sister died; working with their father to build a new life for themselves on the banks of the Mississippi River; enduring religious persecution; and their father's accidental death just a few weeks before the start of the trek to the American West. They had walked, side-by-side, every step of the way from Illinois to wherever this place was, and through it all William had been strong and courageous. Caroline had leaned on his strength, even come to depend upon it. But now, she had to be the strong one.

"You can't leave me alone, William," she said. "Not now."

"I'm *not* leaving you," William insisted. "I'm staying. If you go, you'll be leaving me."

She paused a moment, watching the dust settle on the parched ground behind the last wagon as it rumbled up the trail. "All right," she said at last. "But at least walk with me the rest of the day. Then you can come back here,

if you like."

That seemed like a small request to William. Surely he could walk just one more day. It was the least he could do for Caroline. "One more day," he agreed. "Then I'm through."

When he arose the next morning, Caroline wasn't in her blankets. He finally found her on a small rise just outside of camp.

"See that hill off in the distance?" she said as he approached her. He turned to look.

"Yes, I see it."

"I wish you would walk that far with me," she said. "Then you can go back to your tree."

William continued looking at the hill. It didn't seem to be such a great distance. Surely he could walk with Caroline that far. After all, she was his sister. "I'll walk with you to the hill," he agreed. "But no further."

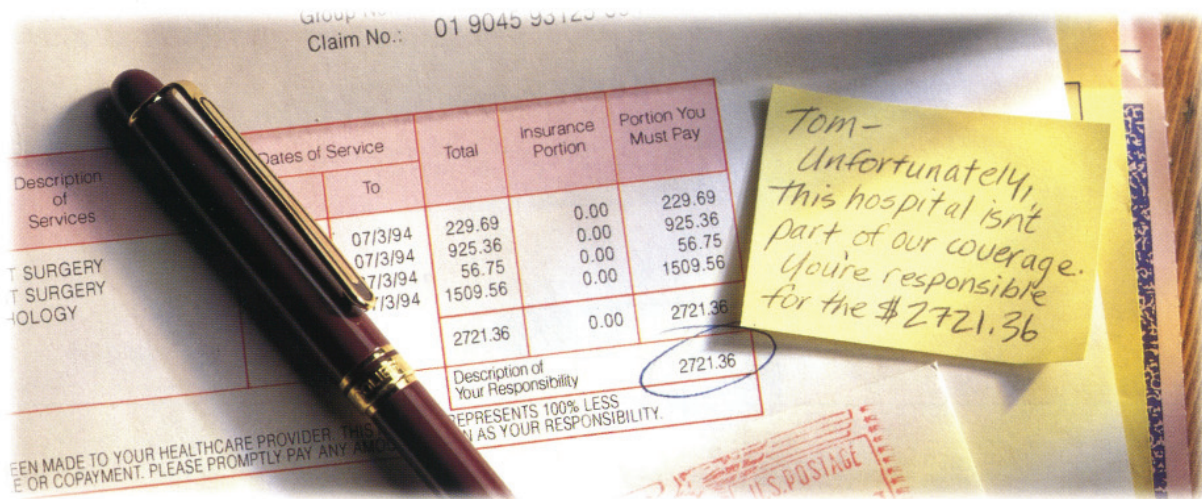
It required two days for the pioneer company to travel to the hill, and by then Caroline was focused on a range of mountains looming on the western horizon. She persuaded William to walk with her "just that far." And then to the other side of the mountains. And then to the river beyond that. And then to the hill beyond that. And then to the next range of mountains.

And then, suddenly, their journey was over, and Caroline had coaxed William into walking with her more than 1,000 miles. She didn't do it by convincing him to walk 1,000 miles all at once; she did it by urging him to walk with her five or ten miles a day, one day at a time.

Life often confronts us with journeys that seem long and obstacles that are overwhelming. It can be discouraging to look down the road at the enormity of the task before us and to consider all that needs to be done. But we need to remember that we rarely accomplish any great thing all at once. Rather, we do it just as Caroline and William did.

One hill, one river, one mountain at a time.

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